

EDITORIALS

No Place Like Home

With all the wonderful advances in medical science — the splendid clinics available in thousands of communities, the fine hospitals great and small — has something irreplaceable been lost in physician-patient relationship? The old-time family doc took close heed of his patients' personalities — evaluated their emotions along with their blood pressures. Especially he understood children. Has all that faded into a colder "impersonal" type of relationship? This general idea is expressed so often that it must be widely entertained.

But don't you believe it! It's the bunk. This is our conclusion after reading what a noted medical man, Dr. Willis J. Potts, of Chicago's Children's Memorial Hospital, thinks about his patients and the care they should have.

Every child, in this doctor's view, has "two hearts," the physical and the emotional, and even when doctors are not working with the physical heart they must consider the emotional one, which is "a delicate mechanism, sensitive to the slightest wound of fear, insecurity, indifference, thoughtlessness and misunderstanding."

A man who is proud of his modern hospital, Doctor Potts has this to say: "To mothers I suggest that the child be given the attention he craves, sick or well. A sick baby in the hospital should be visited every day, and at the earliest possible date he should be taken home. There is no place in the world like home for a child. Even the poorest home, where there is accord, is better than the finest hospital!"

That last sentence does it for us. The spirit and the warmth of the old-time family doc is as alive as it was when he rode a horse on his calls. It must be that it is the inborn spirit of a dedicated profession — impervious to the changes of time and conditions of practice.

What Others Are Saying

Murlock (Md.) News: "Keep America Beautiful, Inc., has been laboring mightily for more than two years now to make the riders and drivers of our more than 60 million motor vehicles more thoughtful. . . Unless we can curb our bad habits and substitute the good habit of thinking of the other fellow, we are in grave danger of transforming the convenience and sanitation of modern packaging into a Frankenstein that can suffocate us in a blizzard of trash. . . In the simplest terms, we've got to stop being litter-bugs."

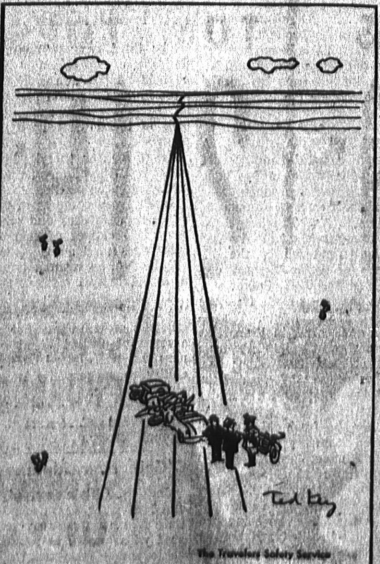
Chetopa (Kan.) Advance: "Speaking of living within our means, it would seem that the Labette County Commissioners are entitled to a pat on the back. They have kept the County's expenses well within the income rather than trying to hike income at the expense of the already burdened taxpayers. This cannot honestly be said of a lot of Boards of County Commissioners."

Dillon (S.C.) Herald: "The Daily Worker maintains that it has operated for years without making money. It seems appropriate that a Communist publication should operate in the red."



Fatal Fallacies

by Ted Key



"I was driving along minding my own business."

No Matter How A Strike Ends



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann:

I'm 39 and have been married (if you can call it that) 15 years. Our son is 11. When my husband was in the service I dragged around from camp to camp. He drank heavily but I thought it was "war nerves." When the war was over he came home and drank himself through my savings account in five months.

When our son was born I was convinced nothing would change him so I left. He begged me to come back, promised to give up the booze and start over again. I decided it was worth a try. In eight weeks he was back on the bourbon. I stood it as long as I could then kicked him out again. His mother begged me to try it once more so I took him back.

It would take the whole paper to tell you what my life has been like. My parents won't give me any advice because they are fed to the teeth with him. His mother keeps pleading with me not to "desert the sinking ship." What must I do—stay aboard and sink myself and my son with it? Please, Ann, help me.—SUNK.

A ship that needs bourbon to stay afloat is headed for the rocks. The news that your husband is an alcoholic will not come as any great surprise to you.

Instead of throwing him out and taking him back like a yoyo why not help him to help himself? Tell him if he wants to get well he must prove it by going to Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. Go with him to give courage and support. Live apart until he proves himself. The reconciliation will be the incentive he needs to get well—and stay dry. A. A. has salvaged many a wreck. . . but first they must get the signal that the ship wants to be saved. Good luck.

★ ★ ★

Dear Ann:

Last night when I came home to dinner my wife was glassy-eyed and high as a kite. I smelled spirits on her breath and since this has never happened before I demanded to know where she'd been to get in this condition.

She claimed she was at the beauty shop and had her hair set with beer. I never heard of such a thing. She said to "ask around." Can it be true? She passed out an hour later.

—UNCONVINCED.

Yes, it's true. Beer is sometimes used to set hair, but it

doesn't get on the breath and women don't pass out from it. Maybe your wife had her hair set with beer. TOO! It's more than likely she heisted a schooner or two on her way home.

Dear Ann: Our daughter will be 18 soon. She tells everyone when she reaches her 18th birthday she's moving out of the house and is going to be "on her own."

She's been working a year and pays room and board. I never get any help in the house because she feels as long as she pays, I owe her maid-service. I work, too, but this makes no difference. Shall we let her move and find out how tough it is on the outside?

★ ★ ★

Dear Ann:

Let her go. It would be useless to try to force her to stay. You aren't going to retain her at 18—the dye was cast 15-years-ago. Some girls find that "out on your own" isn't what it's cracked up to be. Give her a suitcase for her 18th birthday and wish her well.

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★ ★ ★

Dear Ann:

One of our fellow employees invited a girl to a bingo party. He paid her admission fee and bought her a card. The gal won \$500 and handed him a \$10 bill. Is HE burned up? The people at work are of mixed opinions? What's yours?—NO NAME PLEASE.

These things should be decided in advance. After the jackpot is hit it's too late to think straight. The gal was under no obligation (except a moral one) to split 30-50 with her escort. If she had any

real interest in him she made a bad deal because from now on as far as he's concerned she's strictly "out to lunch."

★ ★ ★

CONFIDENTIALLY: C. C. B.

Tell him to send the support checks in the mail before you wind up in the Laughing Academy. This is a marriage? (Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of The Torrance Herald, Inc.)

and I Quote

If there's a tie between father and son, chances are the son is wearing it.—Ham Park.

"Glamour is that indefinable, indescribable something that girls with big sweaters have."—Bill Peer.

"It's a shame that colleges don't teach everything that some of the graduates think they know!"—Neal O'Hara.

Three "feminine" definitions—Confusion: one woman plus one left turn. Excitement: two women plus one secret. Bedlam: three women plus one bargain!

You cannot lead anyone further than you have gone yourself.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

Kindness is the oil that takes the friction out of life.

Out of the Past

From the Files of The Torrance Herald

10 Years Ago This Month
July, 1946

Helicopter mail pickup from Torrance was temporarily grounded due to the crash of a 'copter in Bridgeport, Conn., similar to the type in service here. . . Alex McManett was installed as president of the United Steel Workers local 1414. . . Mrs. Ruth Bagch, 2016 Gramercy Ave., was awarded a new 1946 automobile at the Veterans of Foreign Wars dance.

★ ★ ★

20 Years Ago This Month
July, 1936

Manager Red Moon, of the National Supply Co.'s Short Ball League team, protested the results of a game played with the Star Department Store. The National club was on the short end of an 8-2 score. . . Bea Meyers was elected president of the Bert S. Crossland Unit 170, American Legion Auxiliary, by a unanimous vote of the membership. . . Vernon Coll, of

1538 Marcelina, was given first aid at Torrance Memorial hospital for burns on the thumb and fingers of the left hand. The burns were caused when Coll held a fire cracker too long.

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30 Years Ago This Month
July, 1926

According to W. Harold Kingsley, HERALD editor, women's styles today (1926) are more sensible than they have ever been. . . Introduction of a direct number call system, instead of the old special party call, resulted in no small confusion among the telephone exchange's switchboard girls. . . The local Chamber of Commerce announced that it was starting an employment bureau for the benefit of Torrance residents and industries. . . Lomita voters defeated a \$370,000 water district proposal by a margin of four votes, 316 against and 312 in favor.

MAILBOX

(The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published on this page. The editors retain the right to edit the copy for matters of fact and style. Letters should be kept brief and must be signed. The writer's name will be withheld if requested. Opinions expressed in letters here published represent those of the writer and not necessarily those of The Torrance Herald.)

Met With Success

Editor, Torrance Herald:

The Meadow Park Elementary School Parent-Teachers Assn. wishes to thank your very fine paper for carrying our articles in its columns throughout this past school year.

With the help of your paper, our various programs have met with much success. We also wish to express our appreciation for your interest in our efforts to secure safety measures for the dangerous crossing at Hawthorne Blvd. and 230th St.

We have found your paper very cooperative, and hope to continue our friendly relations in the coming year.

MRS. WILLIAM POSER
President

Lomita-San Pedro PTA

Editor, Torrance Herald:

Lomita-San Pedro Council, PTA, appreciates your help and cooperation in handling PTA news this past year. It meant a great deal to us.

MRS. GEORGE D. WEEKS
President

A Candidate Speaks

Editor, Torrance Herald:

As a candidate for Congress here in the 17th District, I wish to thank you and your newspaper for the fine coverage of my primary campaign activities.

Certainly every candidate for public office is dependent upon the press in waging any sort of campaign. You have been most cooperative in your efforts and I sincerely appreciate what you have done.

If, as the general election campaign progresses, I or my headquarters staff can be of any assistance to you, please do not hesitate to call.

CHARLES A. FRANKLIN

Publisher Thanked

Publisher, Torrance Herald:

Please accept this as a letter of commendation from the board of directors of the Chamber for your consistent support of Chamber activities in the columns of the Torrance Herald and for your splendid editorial which appeared in the issue of the 25th, 1956.

This commendation is sent as a result of unanimous action taken at the Board of Directors meeting on Monday, June 25.

JOHN A. EBBINGHOUSE
President

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Lloyd Crowther, Torrance bus driver who recently completed a 10-year safe-driving record, said he can now sympathize with a pitcher going for a no-hit ball game. Those last few months were quite a strain, Crowther admits. He and another driver, Sherman Miller, were honored last week for driving city buses for 10 years without having an accident charged to their records. In my opinion, that's something to make the drivers feel very proud.

★ ★ ★

Two of the world's fastest sprinters in their class have never been "let out" to run their best, according to the men who trained them.

Bobby Morrow, Abilene Christian College's great sprinter, doesn't know his own speed, according to Coach Oliver Jackson. "No one has ever pushed him, so I don't know how fast he can run," Jackson said recently.

By the same token, Swaps, California's great race horse, is always being pulled up before reaching the finish line—in fact, it cost him his only defeat at Hollywood.

How about a match race between those two? One should push the other.

Barney's Blarney

By BARNEY GLAZER

It's a crazy mixed-up reasoning, it is, and you get it no matter where you go. Thousands of wives are abandoning the time-worn rigors of the kitchen and dust pan to work instead in the outside world and every one of them will tell you: "I simply had to get out of the house and relax." Mind you, every one says she is working just to relax but aren't there one or two brave ones who are willing to admit they might possibly be working for money?

★ ★ ★

To Harry Babbitt goes full credit for discovering a new labor-saving device for the ladies, bless them. It's a husband who is loaded with money.

★ ★ ★

Gene Schwamm sends me this whammy—Schwamm about the two camels who were shuffling across a burning and pathless desert. Said one camel to the other: "I don't care what they say about us. I'm thirsty."

★ ★ ★

Ever mindful of the need for increased safety on our burdened highways and freeways, Mr. Gus Lampe, of the Coconut Grove, please: "Folks, please take it slow and easy. The life you save may owe me some money."

★ ★ ★

Al Harrison plaintively asked a 7-year-old boy who asked if a certain pretty miss who must have been one of Vic Tanny's gymnasium products could be his teacher for the following term. "Now we might do just that very little favor for you," promised one of the school officials. "Well, if you do," suggested the lad, "tell her to wear a bathing suit."

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Sign on the sidewalk of a gas station: "If you can't stop in, wave as you go by."

★ ★ ★

An enthusiastic visitor to Hollywood's far flung points of interest stopped a teenager and asked: "Where can I find the NBC Studios?" "Easy," volunteered the cooperative lad. "Walk up Sun-

set Blvd. until you come to that corner music shop where they sell all those crazy, goony, go-man-go rock and roll records. Look right across the street and you'll see the NBC Studios."

★ ★ ★

He was little and he was sobbing as he returned from school. "Had a fight," he told his mother. "What happened?" asked his anxious parent. "Joe said I was a sissy." "What did you do?" "I fixed him. I jabbed him with my knitting needles."

★ ★ ★

The restaurant was crowded and quite noisy. "Miss!" shouted a young married man at a passing waitress. And as if by magic his shout caused a deep hush to fall over the dining room. Before he could stop himself, he yelled: "Where's the ladies' room?" Suddenly, he felt that every eye in the room was burning holes in him, and he wanted to shout back and explain: "For my daughter, I mean." Instead, he burned a fiery red and rushed his offspring out of the room in the general direction of anywhere.

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Whenever a youngster gets into trouble it simply means he's doing something he'll have to undo later.

★ ★ ★

As most any real estate broker will tell you, a cliff dweller is of a strange lot. He scorns the valleys and the plateaus and seeks out instead the mountainous regions where houses seem to stand on one leg perilously close to the clouds. Show a cliff dweller a house on a high hill and he'll snap: "Don't you have something higher?" It's getting so, moan the brokers, that the altitude buyers will soon demand something overlooking Mt. Everest.

★ ★ ★

"Is that gal dumb?" sobs a local teen-ager. "Why she was on a TV quiz show and she not only missed all the answers but she didn't understand the questions!"

LAW IN ACTION



Your newspaper often carries stories about court orders—"injunctions"—which, as a rule, prevent some person from doing some harm.

In one week recently your newspapers told how courts had issued injunctions to protect the owner of a patent or copyright, to stop someone from putting up a building which would harm the health of the neighbors, to prevent "unfair competition," and to stop certain practices in strikes and boycotts.

An injunction is an "extraordinary" remedy like writs of mandamus, habeas corpus, and the like. It got its name because the English king or his chancellor used to issue such orders when the run-of-the-mill court actions could not solve the problem at hand.

As a rule you get a "temporary" injunction to keep someone from doing something, say, until you can get a law suit underway.

Sometimes, though, you get permanent injunctions which would stop someone from doing some harmful thing—like using irrigation water to which you are entitled, or from dumping pollutants in a stream you use.

Usually, if you want an injunction, your lawyer will take sworn statements into court to show that your grievance is one which only an injunction could take care of. You put up a bond to make up for any damage you

do the other side, if your cause is not upheld.

The court issues a notice for the other side to appear and "show cause" why the injunction should not be issued.

The other side may come in court also with sworn statements. Usually in a short time the court will hear your case on the merits.

If you get an injunction, you must serve it on the other side, and if he disobeys the order the court may fine or jail him for "contempt of court" and force him to obey its orders.

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My Neighbors



"My recipe's the same as with rhubarb pie—use all the sugar you can, then double it!"